

E CHAPTER 284

May 24, 2014

"Justin, you're drunk."

"I know."

"It's nine in the morning."

"I know."

Chie had carefully crept her way downstairs the morning to find none other than Justin, sitting on the couch, bottle of booze in his hands, eyes listlessly staring at the television in front of him; looking for something to preoccupy his mind, even in his drunken state of mind. As it would turn out the booze didn't help as much as Justin had expected it to. It took some real grief to shine through even when one was intoxicated, especially as intoxicated as Justin. People drunk to forget, right? So why couldn't he? He took another chug of the bottle in his hand, squeezing it tight, though loose enough that it kept slipping and he had to struggle to keep a hold of it. He hadn't spilled a drop yet though, so that was a plus. Chie just shook her head and sighed before somewhat reluctantly squeezing into the seat beside him. His breath smelled awful, as one would expect from a drunk, and quite frankly she wouldn't want to sit anywhere near Justin if she wasn't all too aware why he was trying to drown away his sorrows in the first place.

"Is it that bad?" She questioned sadly after a moment. She wasn't too happy about it either, but at least she wasn't waking up and immediately getting piss drink in an attempt to escape from reality. It was like Justin couldn't cope with the idea of having a kid. Granted, it wasn't exactly a miracle that was going on here when neither had planned for this to happen, but was it so bad that he was trying to kill himself with alcohol poisoning. I mean, he still had her, right? They could get through this together. They could be a family, albeit a slightly unofficial one. He took another swig at the bottle, though he was disappointed to find the bottle had run dry. He paused for a moment, taking a quick glance inside the bottle, just to see if he was so drunk he couldn't even taste the booze anymore. Much to his disappointment and credibility towards he sanity, there was in fact nothing there. He sighed before extending his arm and dropping the bottle, allowing it to make a loud clank as it hit the floor. It didn't break though; guess it wasn't a big enough fall. Either that or that was one durable bottle.

"Let's see, I was getting along just fine in life, doing good in class, had big plans, then suddenly my girlfriend comes out of nowhere to tell me she's pregnant from some hook up session I don't even remember. Now, I don't know a damn thing about kids, I have to find out a way to pay for said kid, figure out a way to break the

news to her parents, pretty much abandon everything I know just for some kid I didn't want. No, it's just fan-fucking-tastic." He rambled, stammering every now and then as he tripped over his drunken speech. Chie shrunk back slightly, a twinge of pain shooting through her heart as Justin pretty much said 'fuck you, I don't want the damn kid' in as direct a way as one could without outright saying it. Oh sure, he said he'd be there to take care of the kid, and Justin was a man of his word, but that wasn't the point. The point was despite what he claimed he would do, in the end he didn't want to do it. He didn't want a kid with Chie, and from what she could tell, he didn't want her now that she was dropping all this shit on her. But then, that also could be just because he was drunk. That's what she was praying for anyway.

"What do you want from me Justin? You don't want the kid? Is that it?" She countered with slight annoyance and hurt in her voice. "Is that what you want? You want me to get rid of the kid? 'Cause I'll do it. I will go and kill your flesh and blood if that's what you want... Just don't expect this is going to continue between us if you do." Justin paused for a moment, the stern, aggravated expression on his face softening up slightly at her words. She was bluffing of course; she wasn't gonna kill the kid whether he said yes or not. Still, even if she wasn't bluffing, the way she spoke to him condescendingly, as if he were the lowest scum of the earth for even secretly wanting this deep down in the depths of his heart... it killed him. Because he knew, even as drunk as he was, that what he was pressuring her to do was horrid. He cared for Chie, and to some extent he did care for the fetus growing in her stomach. He just didn't know to do. He sighed, resting his head against the palms of his hands.

"No, of course not..." He rubbed at his eyes. For starters, it wasn't his place to say what she should or shouldn't do with the baby when it was going to be living inside of her for nine months... or... eight now from what he was hearing, but furthermore, Chie did remind him of one basic fact: this was his flesh and blood. He may not have planned it, but, in some capacity, he was proud of his unborn child the way a father should be. What he was not proud of was how the kid was conceived, out of wedlock and with an uncertain future. What he was not proud of, was all the hardships they would have to face as parents that Justin wasn't ready to endure. What he was not proud of was that he was incompetent, and that he had no idea how to raise a kid. What he was not proud of was he hadn't the slightest idea what to do with his life now that his life wasn't about him anymore. He was lost without a guide now, thrown into the river without a paddle. "I don't know what to do Chie. I don't know a damn thing about kids."

"That's fine, neither do I." Chie sighed a bit. It wasn't okay really; if they were gonna have a kid at least ONE of them should have some idea on what you're supposed to do with a baby. Chie's knowledge of babies pretty much ended at 'you're not supposed to shake the baby.' But then, she didn't really plan on shaking the baby in the first place, so that knowledge did her no good. Still, there were ways, and it's not like either of them expected this. To be lost, to have no certainty

of the future or how they were going to get through this... it was all normal. Unpleasant, but normal. If that was eating away at him inside, he needed to take a good look around him, because not a single person who lived in this house could say they would know what to do given the situation... Well... except technically Erin; she did a lot of babysitting for her younger sister back when she lived in France, so she kinda had to know. I guess talking a thousand miles an hour was enough to keep a baby happy; maybe Erin was onto something here. "They have classes for this stuff you know... We'll just have to sign up for one..." She spoke up. It was gonna be super awkward probably being one of the youngest couples at said class, and she was sure to get all sorts of dirty looks from people looking down upon her as if she were some kind of whore, and to some extent she just might believe that, but she was gonna have to suck up the crippling blow to her self-esteem and image for the good of her child. Self-sacrifice, something perhaps Justin needed to learn a lesson in.

"I guess..." Justin sighed, sinking into the couch slightly, allowing his head to fall and rest upon Chie's shoulder. Funny, you would think it would be the other way around; yet Justin was probably the weakest link here. Not the woman who was going to bear unbearable suffering for nine months, and then some in the years to come, but rather the man responsible; the one whose sole duty was to be a father figured for his kid. And yet he was the one who couldn't take the stress. He was the one hoping that if he just drank enough, everything would slip away into the abyss, all his troubles and woes fading away, never to be seen again. But they wouldn't fucking die. They wouldn't disappear in the liquor; they were burnt into his heart like an ironing brand had been stuck right through his chest, a permanent reminder of how much he had screwed the pooch. Chie sighed slightly, shaking her head a bit. You know, it felt less like the child she needed to look after for the rest of her life was the one in her gut but rather the one sitting right next to her. Like he needed constant guidance throughout his life, constant emotional support... After all, no one ever gave it to him when he was but a child himself.

"Everything'll work out, I'm sure of it." Chie tried to be as optimistic as possible; even if this all did kind of suck. Justin nodded for a moment before sighing and leaning forward to grab a second bottle of beer. As if he really needed to get any drunker than he already was. And if there was any proof of that it was that before popping the bottle open, his eyes slowly fell upon Chie's stomach area, where the child was no doubt slowly beginning to develop. In his drunken state of mind, he decided it was probably a good idea to poke her there. Chie was needless to say not very amused, if not rather confused at his drunken shenanigans. "Uh, Justin... what are you doing?"

"Trying to see if he'll start kicking." Chie stared at Justin as if he had suddenly grown a third eye. Surely he was just being sarcastic right? Given that he poked her again and honestly looked very interested in seeing some kind of reaction, somehow Chie wasn't buying this was all him just playing around.

"Justin, it's been a month."

"So?"

"Babies don't grow that fast." Justin paused for a moment, staring at her with this blank look on his face as if he were having trouble comprehending that. Somewhere in his mind, the alcohol seemed to have been going through his common sense files and was burning them one by one, like a wild fire, spreading and killing every brain cell in his head. Either that or he was just stupid. Knowing Justin it was entirely possible he was just incredibly oblivious to how a pregnancy worked.

"...Yeah, but they still have feet, right?"

"Right, give me that. You're drunk enough."